



BACK IN BLACK

# Friendly Neighborhood SPIDER-MAN®



DAVID  
NAUCK  
CAMPANELLA  
KALISZ

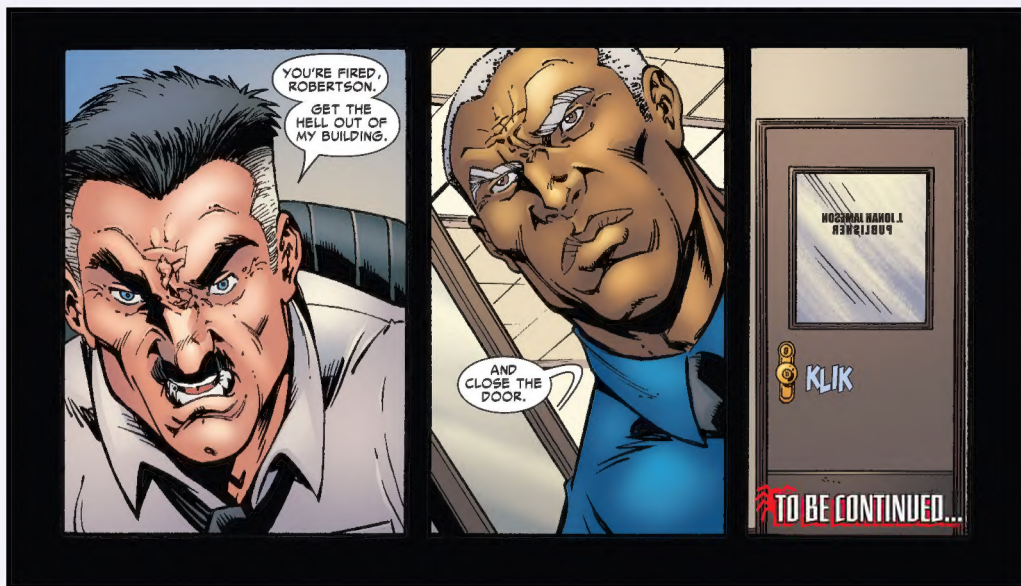
# BACK IN BLACK

After revealing his identity to the world during the CIVIL WAR, Peter Parker finds himself and his family targets of the world's most dangerous criminals.

With his Aunt May downed, shot by a sniper's bullet and barely hanging onto life, Peter has donned his old black costume as a dark warning to the world that he's no longer the man he used to be.

## PREVIOUSLY IN *Friendly Neighborhood* **SPIDER-MAN**

With the help of his old friend and Daily Bugle reporter Betty Brant, Spider-Man finally defeated the mysterious arachnid-controlling Miss Arrow and rescued Flash Thompson from Arrow's clutches. Safe at home, Betty learns in a voice mail that Bugle managing editor Joe "Robbie" Robertson has finally confronted publisher J. Jonah Jameson on Jameson's obsession with Spider-Man...



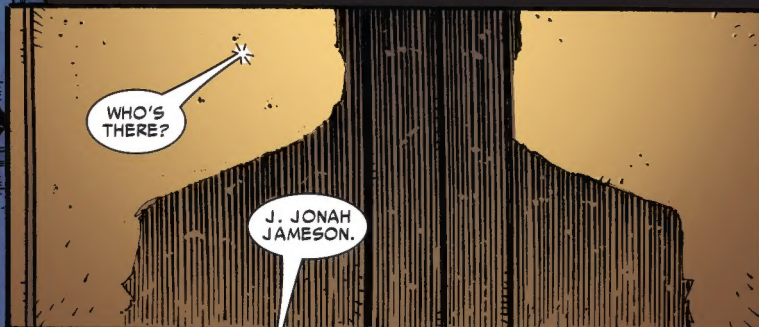
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**BROOKLYN, N.Y.**



**KNOCK  
KNOCK**

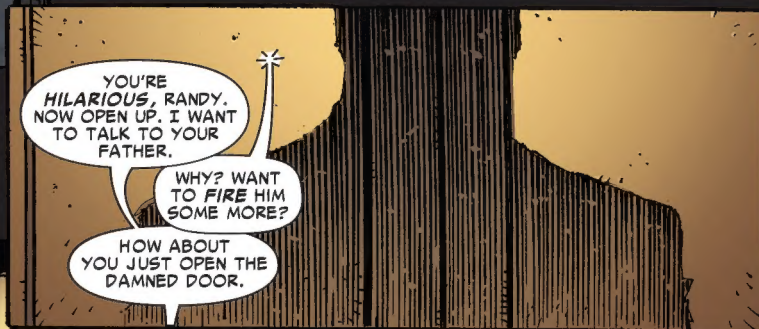


WHO'S  
THERE?

J. JONAH  
JAMESON.



J. JONAH  
JAMESON  
WHO?



YOU'RE  
HILARIOUS, RANDY.  
NOW OPEN UP. I WANT  
TO TALK TO YOUR  
FATHER.

WHY? WANT  
TO FIRE HIM  
SOME MORE?

HOW ABOUT  
YOU JUST OPEN THE  
DAMNED DOOR.



HOW ABOUT I  
RUN YOUR WRINKLY  
BACKSIDE TO  
THE SIDE--

WHOA?  
WHAT HAPPENED  
TO YOU?



RAN INTO A DOOR.  
NOW WHERE'S YOUR FATHER?



RANDY, WHAT'S GOING...?

OH GOOD LORD, JONAH, WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

SAYS HE RAN INTO A DOOR.



RIIIIGHT.

COME IN AND LET ME PUT SOME ICE ON IT.

I DON'T NEED ICE, MARTHA. I NEED TWO GLASSES AND YOUR HUSBAND.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO? FIRE HIM SOME MORE?



REPETITION? THAT'S JUST LAZY HUMOR. YOU PEOPLE REALLY NEED NEW WRITERS.

"YOU PEOPLE?" MEANING WHAT?

DON'T PARSE WORDS, RANDY. I'VE BEEN DOING IT LONGER AND I'M BETTER AT IT.

NOW WHERE'S...?



JONAH? WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

SAYS HE RAN INTO A DOOR.

RIIIIGHT.

AND HE CALLED US "YOU PEOPLE."



ROBBIE, IF IT WOULDN'T BE TOO MUCH TROUBLE FOR YOUR WIFE AND THE REVEREND HERE...

...COULD WE TALK PRIVATELY?



JOE, MAYBE  
IT'S NOT THE WISEST  
THING TO--

IT'LL BE OKAY,  
MARTHA. WHAT'S HE  
GOING TO DO? FIRE  
ME SOME MORE?



+SIGH+



GLASSES.

PLEASE.

UNLESS YOU  
JUST WANT US TO  
DRINK IT OUT OF  
THE BOTTLE.

POP



I'LL GET  
THEM, JOE. YOU SIT.  
TALK. I'M SURE IT'LL  
BE...INTERESTING.

AND MR.  
JAMESON...YOU GIVE  
MY DAD TROUBLE, WE  
PEOPLE HAVE LOTS  
OF DOORS AROUND  
HERE.



VEILED THREATS  
TO A MIDDLE-AGED MAN.  
QUITE THE YOUNG TURK  
YOU'RE RAISING HERE,  
ROBBIE.

HE'S  
ALREADY  
RAISED,  
J.J.

SO  
HE IS.

SO WHAT'S  
GOING ON, JONAH?  
WHY ARE YOU HERE?  
WHO DID THIS TO  
YOU?



THREE OF  
THE FIVE "W'S."  
YOU FORGOT  
WHERE...

...AND  
WHEN.

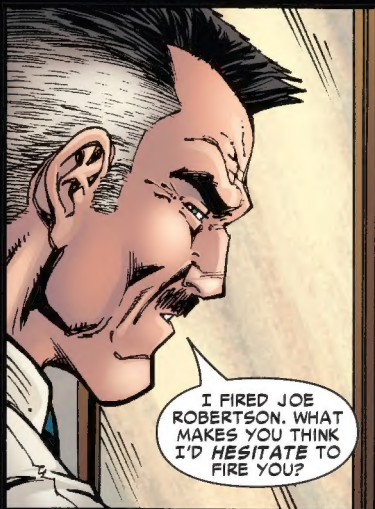
"HOW COULD YOU HAVE DONE IT?"

IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, MS. BRANT.

ROBBIE WAS LIKE A BROTHER TO YOU!

MORE THAN THAT...HE WAS YOUR CONSCIENCE!

I HAVE MY OWN CONSCIENCE, THANK YOU VERY MUCH.





# FIGHTING WORDS

PETER DAVID	TODD NAUCK	ROBERT CAMPANELLA	JOHN KALISZ	VC'S CORY PETIT	TODD NAUCK ET ROB STULL	THOMAS BRENNAN	STEPHEN WACKER	JOE QUESADA	DAN BUCKLEY
WRITER	PENCILER	INKER	COLORIST	LETTERS	COVER	ASST. EDITOR	EDITOR	EDITOR IN CHIEF	PUBLISHER



WHAT'S IT SAY?

IT SAYS, "YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT ME. I'M WORTHLESS SLIME."

REALLY?



NO.

"421A BROADWAY. SIX P.M. JUST TO TALK. COME ALONE."

"YOUR F.N.S-M."

"FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN."



THANK YOU, MS. BRANT, BECAUSE I JUST BLEW INTO TOWN AND HAD NO IDEA WHAT THAT STOOD FOR.



ARE YOU GOING TO GO?

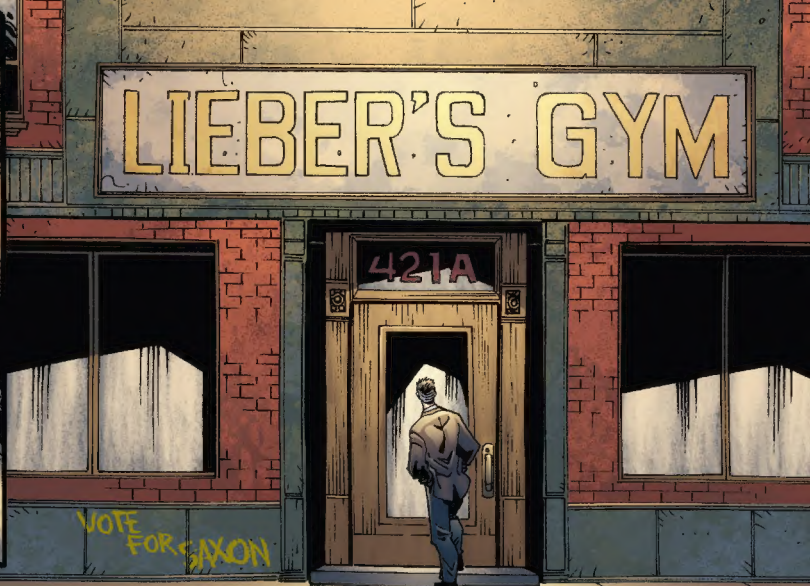
DO YOU THINK I SHOULD WALK INTO THE SPIDER'S PARLOR?

MAYBE AFTER EVERYTHING YOU'VE SAID ABOUT HIM OVER THE YEARS, YOU THINK YOU OWE IT TO HIM.

WHY WOULD I THINK THAT?



I DON'T KNOW. MAYBE YOUR CONSCIENCE.



YOU'RE  
JUST GIVING ME  
MORE FODDER FOR  
MY LAWSUIT,  
PARKER!

I'LL BURY  
YOU FOR THIS!  
I'LL--

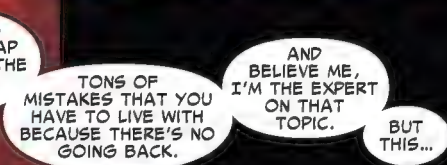
BURY  
ME?

JONAH...  
THAT'S NOTHING  
NEW. YOU'VE BEEN  
DIGGING MY GRAVE  
FOR YEARS.

NOW ALL  
THAT'S LEFT IS  
FOR YOU TO DANCE  
ON IT. OR SPIT IN  
IT, WHICHEVER.

YOU LIKE  
THE PLACE, BY THE  
WAY? BELONGED TO A  
CRIME BOSS I BUSTED  
AWHILE BACK. SAT  
EMPTY ALL THIS  
TIME.

FIGURED  
IT'D BE A  
GOOD PLACE  
TO...CHAT.





WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME, JONAH?

THIS ISN'T ABOUT YOU.

IT'S ALWAYS ABOUT ME. WHAT DO YOU WANT?



TALK TO MY LAWYER.

TALK TO ME.

ANYTHING I'D SAY TO YOU IS ALREADY IN THE COURT PAPERS.



HOW ABOUT "THANK YOU?" IS THAT IN THE PAPERS? YOU COULD TRY SAYING THAT.



"THANK YOU?"

SEE? THAT WASN'T SO HARD.

WHY THE HELL SHOULD I THANK YOU?



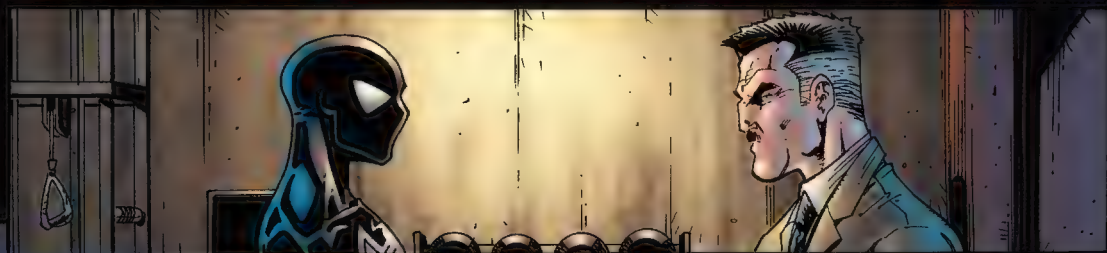
I DUNNO...LEMME SEE...FOR BOOSTING YOUR CIRCULATION WITH ALL THE PICTURES I SOLD YOU, FOR STARTERS. THEN THERE'S SAVING YOUR SON...

...OR SAVING YOU...OR SAVING THE WORLD...



HOW ABOUT YOUR UNCLE AND AUNT? OR GEORGE STACY AND HIS DAUGHTER?

HOW'D SAVING THEM WORK OUT FOR YOU?





WELL,  
HALLELUJAH!  
J. JONAH JAMESON  
ADMITS SPIDER-MAN  
MAY BE RIGHT ABOUT  
SOMETHING! STOP  
THE PRESSES!

YOU CAN  
DO THAT 'CAUSE  
YOU OWN 'EM,  
RIGHT?

YOU STILL  
HAVEN'T ANSWERED  
MY QUESTION, JONAH.  
WHAT DO YOU WANT  
FROM ME?

TO PUT IT  
ANOTHER WAY: WHAT'S  
IT GONNA TAKE TO GET  
ROBBIE REHIRED? TO  
END THE LAWSUIT?

IT'S NOT  
LIKE I HAVE ANY  
MONEY FOR YOU  
TO TAKE. SO--



TELL YOU  
WHAT, "HERO."  
I'LL MAKE A DEAL  
WITH YOU.

EITHER I'LL  
DROP THE LAWSUIT  
AGAINST YOU OR REHIRE  
ROBBIE. YOU GET TO  
CHOOSE.

TAKE  
YOUR TIME.  
GIVE IT ALL THE  
THOUGHT  
YOU--



DROP THE  
LAWSUIT.



REALLY?

REALLY.



I KNEW  
IT! I KNEW  
IT!



FOR ALL THAT YOU PRETEND TO BE A HERO...

...FOR ALL YOUR POSTURING AND SUPPOSED UNSELFISHNESS...



...WHEN IT \*OOOF\* COMES TO YOUR OWN WELFARE...



...YOU'LL SELL ROBBIE OUT IN A HEARTBEAT FOR YOUR OWN PERSONAL GAIN!

AND YOU "KNEW IT?"

DAMNED RIGHT I DID.



WHY'D YOU LOOK SO SURPRISED, THEN?

I SAW YOUR REACTION. YOU DIDN'T EXPECT ME TO SAY WHAT I DID.

BECAUSE WHAT YOU REALLY KNOW IS THAT I AM THAT UNSELFISH.



I WAS JUST SURPRISED THAT YOU WERE WILLING TO ADMIT TO IT, THAT'S ALL.

SURE, SURE.



JONAH...I'M NOT STUPID. THE REASON I CHOSE THE LAWSUIT IS BECAUSE I KNOW YOU HAVE NO INTENTION OF KEEPING ROBBIE UNEMPLOYED.



OH,  
DON'T  
I?

NO. YOU  
FIRED HIM IN ORDER  
TO PROVOKE EXACTLY  
THIS: A FACE-TO-FACE  
WITH ME.

SO IT  
WORKED. YOU  
GOT WHAT YOU  
WANTED.

SO SAY  
WHAT YOU  
WANT TO  
SAY.

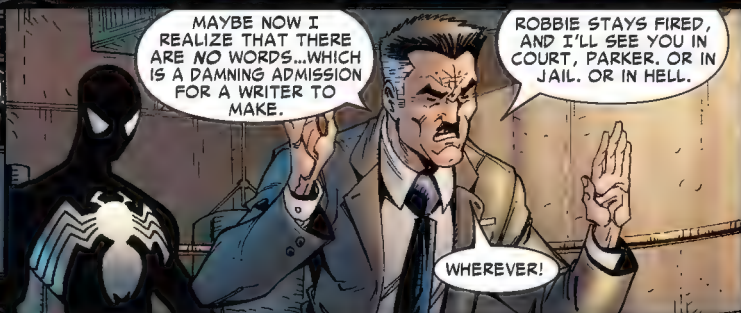


LET'S PRETEND,  
FOR THE SAKE OF  
ARGUMENT...

OH,  
JOY. I LOVE  
ARGUMENTS.

...LET'S  
PRETEND THAT'S  
WHY I DID IT, AND  
WHAT I WANTED.

BUT  
NOW...?



MAYBE NOW I  
REALIZE THAT THERE  
ARE NO WORDS...WHICH  
IS A DAMNING ADMISSION  
FOR A WRITER TO  
MAKE.

ROBBIE STAYS FIRED,  
AND I'LL SEE YOU IN  
COURT, PARKER. OR IN  
JAIL. OR IN HELL.

WHEREVER!



HIT  
ME.



EXCUSE  
ME?



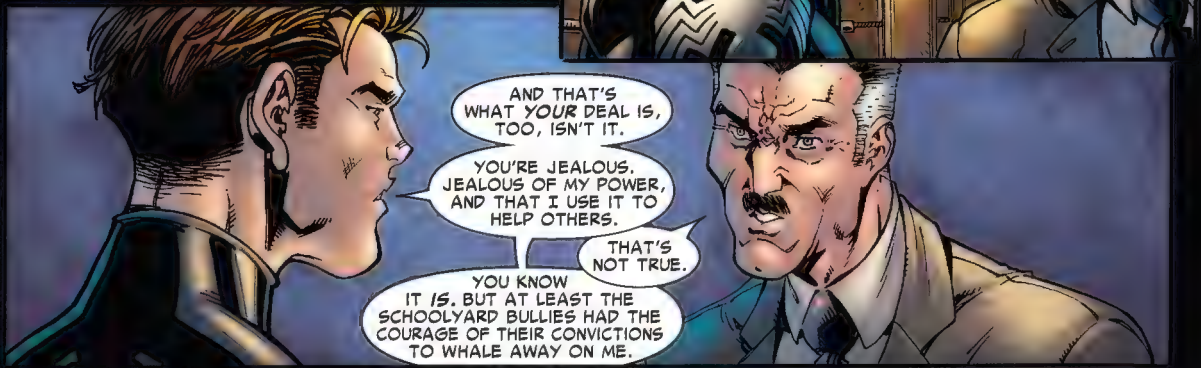
C'MON...LAY ONE ON ME. HECK, LAY A BUNCH.

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

IT'S WHAT YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DO, RIGHT?

WHEN I WAS LITTLE, AND THE KIDS WOULD PICK ON ME...BEAT ME UP, CALL ME "SCIENCE NERD" AND "PANTYWAIST"... MY AUNT AND UNCLE, THEY'D SAY...

"DON'T LET IT BOTHER YOU, PETER. THEY'RE JUST JEALOUS."



AND THAT'S WHAT YOUR DEAL IS, TOO, ISN'T IT.

YOU'RE JEALOUS. JEALOUS OF MY POWER, AND THAT I USE IT TO HELP OTHERS.

THAT'S NOT TRUE.

YOU KNOW IT IS. BUT AT LEAST THE SCHOOLYARD BULLIES HAD THE COURAGE OF THEIR CONVICTIONS TO WHALE AWAY ON ME.



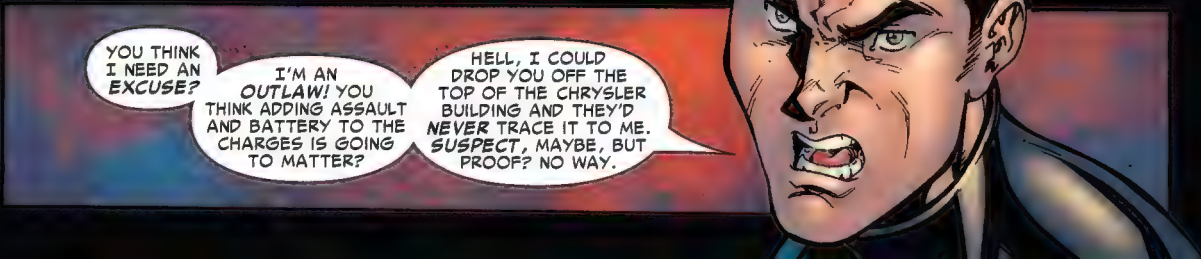
COME ON, JONAH.

GET IT OUT OF YOUR SYSTEM, ONCE AND FOR ALL.

HIT ME.



SURE. RIGHT. GIVE YOU THE EXCUSE TO POUND ME INTO OBLIVION.



YOU THINK I NEED AN EXCUSE?

I'M AN OUTLAW! YOU THINK ADDING ASSAULT AND BATTERY TO THE CHARGES IS GOING TO MATTER?

HELL, I COULD DROP YOU OFF THE TOP OF THE CHRYSLER BUILDING AND THEY'D NEVER TRACE IT TO ME. SUSPECT, MAYBE, BUT PROOF? NO WAY.



THIS IS  
ABSURD...

I WON'T  
STOP YOU. WON'T  
HIT YOU BACK. FREE  
SHOTS. AS MANY  
AS YOU WANT.

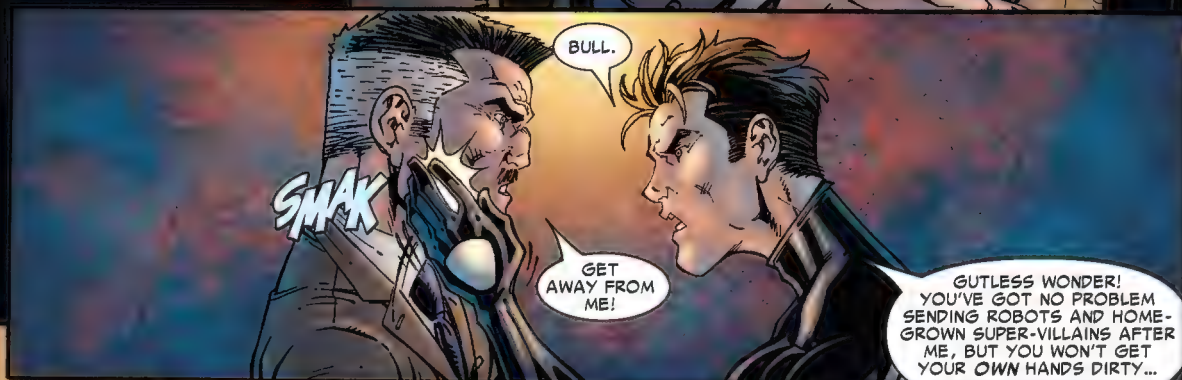
WE'RE NOT  
JUVENILES, THIS  
IS NOT A--



COME ON,  
JONAH! HERE I'M  
GIVING YOU A PASS TO  
GET OUT ALL YOUR ANGER,  
ALL YOUR JEALOUSY, ALL  
YOUR FEELING HUMILIATED  
BECAUSE I WAS SELLING  
YOU PICTURES OF  
MYSELF...

...AND YOU'RE  
TOO GUTLESS  
TO DO IT!

I'M NOT  
GUTLESS!



BULL.

SMACK

GET  
AWAY FROM  
ME!

GUTLESS WONDER!  
YOU'VE GOT NO PROBLEM  
SENDING ROBOTS AND HOME-  
GROWN SUPER-VILLAINS AFTER  
ME, BUT YOU WON'T GET  
YOUR OWN HANDS DIRTY...



I  
SAID, GET  
AWAY!

DOES  
YOUR SON KNOW  
HOW GUTLESS  
YOU ARE?

HOW  
ABOUT YOUR  
WIFE?



I'LL LET  
THEM KNOW,  
JONAH. TRUST ME,  
I'LL LET ALL OF  
THEM KNOW.

LET THEM  
KNOW THAT THE  
BRAVE, CRUSADING  
"DAILY BUGLE" PUBLISHER  
IS JUST A GUTLESS,  
CRAVEN, SPINELESS,  
LIMP--

**SHUT  
UP!!!!**

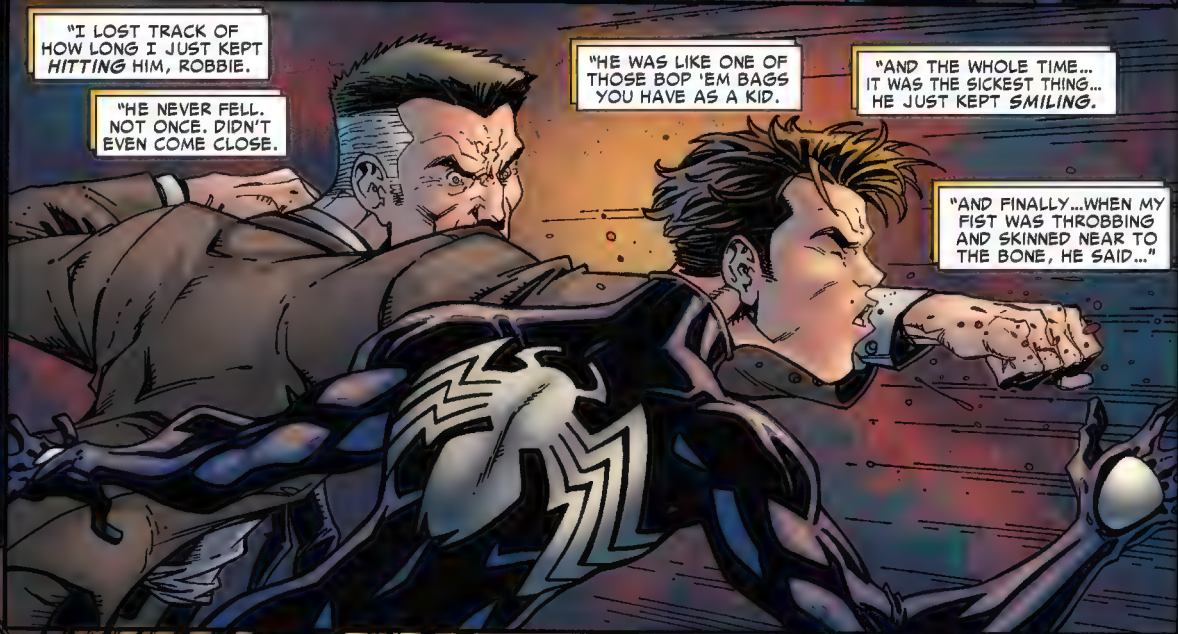




WHAT ARE YOU, KIDDING ME?  
IS THAT THE BEST YOU CAN--?



I SAID  
SHUT UP! SHUT  
YOUR LYING  
MOUTH!  
SHUT  
UP!!!



"I LOST TRACK OF  
HOW LONG I JUST KEPT  
HITTING HIM, ROBBIE.

"HE NEVER FELL.  
NOT ONCE. DIDN'T  
EVEN COME CLOSE.

"HE WAS LIKE ONE OF  
THOSE BOP 'EM BAGS  
YOU HAVE AS A KID.

"AND THE WHOLE TIME...  
IT WAS THE SICKEST THING...  
HE JUST KEPT *SMILING*.

"AND FINALLY...WHEN MY  
FIST WAS THROBBING  
AND SKINNED NEAR TO  
THE BONE, HE SAID..."



WE  
DONE?



»Hunfffff«  
»Hunfffff«



Yeah.  
We're  
done.



GOOD.  
GOT A  
PRESENT  
FOR YOU.

"PRESENT?"  
WHAT KIND OF  
TRICK IS--?

MY  
FINAL "SELF-  
PORTRAITS."

MY CAMERA  
RECORDED THE ENTIRE  
THING. THAT'S WHY I  
UNMASKED...SO EVERYONE  
WOULD KNOW IT'S ME.

RUN THEM ON  
THE FRONT PAGE.  
"SPIDER-MAN TOO AFRAID  
TO LIFT HAND AGAINST  
CRUSADING BUGLE  
EDITOR."

YOU'LL SELL A  
GAZILLION COPIES. MAKE  
WAY MORE MONEY THAN  
THE LAWSUIT WOULD'VE  
GIVEN YOU.

GOOD-BYE,  
JONAH.

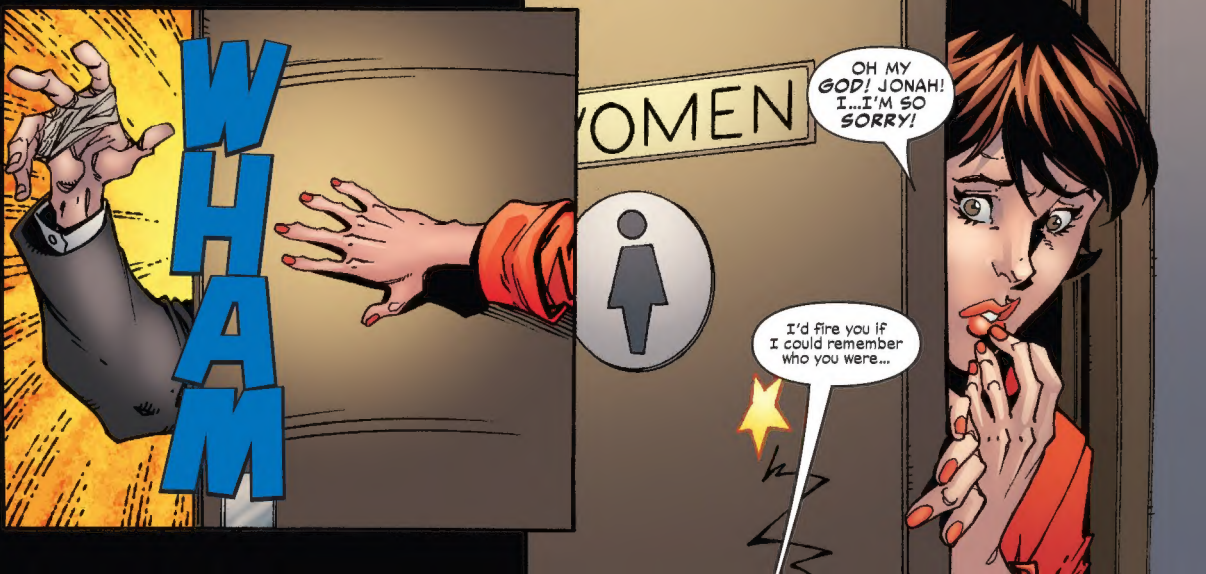
PARKER?

PARKER,  
WAIT. LET'S TALK  
ABOUT THIS.

PARKER...?

PETER?

Pete?





YOU...REALLY  
DID WALK INTO  
A DOOR?

YEAH.  
I REALLY  
DID.  
AND  
YOU HURT YOUR  
HAND...HITTING  
SPIDER-MAN.

YES.



NOW HOW  
ABOUT ASKING  
THE QUESTION  
YOU REALLY WANT  
THE ANSWER  
TO.

OKAY: WHY  
DID YOU DESTROY  
THE FILM?



GOD AS MY  
WITNESS, ROBBIE...  
I HAVE NO IDEA.



I  
THINK I  
DO.  
YOU KNEW  
HE WAS USING  
YOU.



USING  
ME?

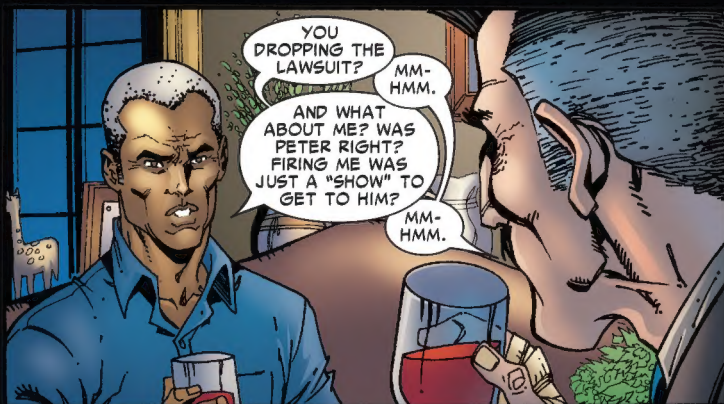
HE'S IN TURMOIL,  
JONAH. HIS LIFE HAS  
FALLEN APART. HE  
FEELS COMPLETELY  
RESPONSIBLE.

HE MAY NOT HAVE  
BEEN THINKING ABOUT  
IT CONSCIOUSLY...BUT  
UNCONSCIOUSLY...



HE WANTED TO BE *PUNISHED*.  
FOR EVERY DECISION HE EVER  
MADE THAT BROUGHT DEATH,  
DESTRUCTION AND CHAOS TO  
HIS LOVED ONES.

AS MUCH AS YOU  
PUMMELED HIM...IT'S  
PROBABLY A FRACTION  
OF WHAT HE THINKS HE  
*DESERVES*.



# *Friendly Neighborhood* **SPIDER-MAIL**

And so ends an awe-inspiring run by that paradigm of pencil-pushing prowess, Peter David and artist extraordinaire, "Tenacious" Todd Nauck! Thanks must also go to the rest of our team, our inker "Roarin'" Rob Campanella, our colorist, "Jovial" John Kalisz and our esteemed letterer, "Commendable" Cory Petit, who pushed their talents up to eleven, twelve and even thirteen on this book! And, of course, special thanks must also go out to all of the other artists who have brought so much amazing, sensational and, yes, spectacular work to FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN!

But if you think this is the last you'll see of Peter Parker, well, think again, True Believers! This fall, Peter Parker and his friends will be back, along with some new faces and new foes – for a brand new day...starting in AMAZING SPIDER-MAN 546!

But next issue, join Peter and MJ in the fight of their lives as the heavyweight duo of Joe Quesada and J. Michael Straczynski bring you "ONE MORE DAY", the send-off to Straczynski's incredible six-year run!



Thanks everyone,

Steve & Tom

IRENE LEE  
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TOM BRENNAN  
ASSISTANT EDITOR

STEPHEN WACKER  
EDITOR

JOE QUESADA  
CHIEF

DAN BUCKLEY  
PUBLISHER

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